# THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF KING HENRY THE EIGHTH

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THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF

KING HENRY

THE EIGHTH: By

WILLIAM SHAK:

ESPEARE



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# THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.

CAPUCIUS, Ambassador from the Emperor Charles the Fifth.

CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury,

DUKE OF NORFOLK. DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM. EARL OF SURREY.

Lord Chamberlain.

Lord Chancellor.

GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester, Bishop of Lincoln.

LORD ABERGAVENNY.

LORD SANDS.

SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.

SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

SIR ANTHONY DENNY. SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.

Secretaries to Wolsey.

CROMWELL, Servant to Wolsey.
GRIFFFH, Gentleman-Usher to Queen Katharine.

Three Gentlemen.

Garter King-at-Arms.

DOCTOR BUTTS, Physician to the King.

Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.

BRANDON, and a Sergeant-at-Arms.

Door-keeper of the Council-chamber. Porter, and his Man Pag ` to Gardiner. A Crier.

QUEEN KATHARINE, Wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced.
ANNE BULLET, her Maid of Honour, afterwards Queen.
An old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.
PATIENCE, Woman to Queen Katharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb-shows; Women at nding upon the Queen; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

#### Spirits.

SCENE.—Chiefly in London and Westminster; once, at Kimbolton.

#### PROLOGUE.

I come no more to make you laugh: things now, That bear a weighty and a serious brow, Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe, Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow, We now present. Those that can pity, here May, if they think it well, let fall a tear; The subject will deserve it. Such as give Their money out of hope they may believe, May here find truth too. Those that come to shouly a show or two, and so agree The play may pass, if they be still and willing, I'll undertake may see away their shilling

Richly in two short hours. Only they That come to hear a merry, bawdy play, A noise of targets, or to see a fellow. In a long motley coat quarded with yellow, Will be deceived; for, gentle hearers, know, To rank our chosen truth with such a show As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring, To make that only true we now intend, Will leave us never an understanding friend. Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known The first and happiest hearers of the town, Be sad, as we would make ye: think ye see The very persons of our noble story As they were living; think you see them great, And follow'd with the general throny and sweat Of thousand friends; then in a moment see How soon this mightiness meets misery: And it you can be merry then, I'll say A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

#### ACT I.

Scene I. London. An Antechamber in the Palace.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk at one door; at the other, the Duke of Buckingham and the Lord ABERGAVENNY.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have ve done Since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thank your grace, Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer Of what I saw there.

Buck.An untimely ague Stay'd me'a prisoner in my chamber when Those suns of glory, those two lights of men. Met in the vale of Andren.

Nor. "Twixt Guynes and Arde: I was then present, saw them salute on horseback; Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung In their embracement, as they grew together; Which had they, what four throned ones could have weigh'd

Such a compounded one?

All the whole time Buck.

I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost The view of earthly glory: men might say, Till this time pomp was single, but now married To one above itself. Each following day Became the next day's master, till the last To-day the French Made former wonders its. All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods, Shone down the English; and to-morrow they Made Britain India: every man that stood Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were As cherubins, all gilt: the madanis too, Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear The pride upon them, that their very labour Was to them as a painting. Now this masque Was cried incomparable; and the ensuing night Made it a fool and beggar. The two kings, Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,

As presence did present them; him in eye, Still him in praise; and, being present both, 'T was said they saw but one; and no discerner Durst wag his tongue in ceasure. When these suns.

For so they phrase 'em, by their heralds challenged. The noble spirits to arms, they did perform

Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,

Being now seen possible enough, got credit, That Bevis was believed.

Buck. O! you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect In honour honesty, the tract of every thing Would by a good discourser lose some life,

Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal;

To the disposing of it nought rebell'd, Order gave each thing view; the office did Distinctly his full function.

Buck. Who did guide,

I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor. One, certes, that promises no element

In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?

Nor All this was order'd by the good discretion

Of the right reverend Cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pie is freed

From his ambitious finger. What had he To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder

That such a keech can with his very bulk. Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun, And keep it from the earth.

Nor.

Surely, sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends;
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace
Chalks successors their way, nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither allied
To eminent assistants; but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.

Aber. I cannot tell

What heaven hath given him: let some graver eye

Pierce into that; but I can see his pride Peep through each part of him: whence has he that?

If not from hell, the devil is a niggard, Or has given all before, and he begins A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the
file

Of all the gentry; for the most part such To whom as great a charge as little honour. He meant to lay upon: and his own letter, The honourable board of council out, Must fetch him in he papers.

Aber. I do bow

Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have By this so sicken'd their estates, that never They shall abound as formerly. Buck. U! many Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'enı For this great journey. What did this vanity But minister communication of A most poor issue? Nor. Grievingly I think, The peace between the French and us not values The cost that did conclude it. Buck.Every man. After the hideous storm that follow'd, was A thing inspired; and, not consulting, broke Into a general prophecy: That this tempest, Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded The sudden breach on 't. Which is budded out: Nor. For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux. Is it therefore The ambassador is silenced? Nor. Marry is 't. Aber. A proper title of a peace, and purchased At a superfluous rate! Why, all this business Buck. Our reverend cardinal carried. Like it your grace,

The state takes notice of the private difference Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,

And take it from a heart that wishes towards you

Honour and plenteous safety, that you read The cardinal's malice and his potency Together; to consider further that What his high batied would effect wants not A minister in his power. You know his nature, That he 's revengeful; and I know his sword Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and 't may be said, It reaches far; and where 't will not extend, Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel, You'll find it wholesome. Lo! where comes that rock

That I advise your shunning.

Enter Cardinal Wolsey, the purse borne before him, certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with The CARDINAL in his passage fixeth his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of disdain.

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor, ha? Where's his examination?

·) First Secr. Here, so please you.

Well. Is he in person ready?

First L Secr. Ay, please your grace. Wol. Will, we shall then know more; and

Bucking in

Shall lessen this big look. [Exeunt Wolsey and Train\_

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd,

and I Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore

Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book Outworths a noble's blood.

Nor. What I are you chafed ! Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance only

Which your disease requires. I read in a looks

Matter against me; and his eye reviled, Me, as his abject object: at this instant

He bores me with some trick: he's gone to the king:

I'll follow and outstare him.

Stay, my lord, And let your reason with your choler question What 't is you go about. To climb steep hills Requires slow pace at first: anger is like A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way, Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England Can advise me like you: be to yourself As you would to your friend.

I'll to the king: Buck. And from a mouth of honour quite cry down This Ipswich fellow's insolence, or proclaim

There's difference in no persons.

Be advised: Nor. Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot That it do singe yourself. We may outrun By violent swiftness that which we run at, And lose by overrunning. Know you not, The fire that mounts the liquor till't run o'er, In seeming to augment it wastes it? Be advised: I say again, there is no English soul More stronger to direct you than yourself, If with the sap of reason you would quench, Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck.

I am thankful to you, and I'll go along
By your prescription; but this top-proud fellow,
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions, by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not 'treasonous.' Buck. To the king I'll say't, and make my vouch as strong

As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox, Or wolf, or both, for he is equal ravenous As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief As able to perform't, his mind and place Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally, Only to show his pomp as well in France As here at home, suggests the king our master To this last costly treaty, the interview, That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass Did break i' the rinsing.

Nor. Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray give me favour, sir. This cunning
cardinal

The articles o' the combination drew

As himself pleased; and they were ratified

As he cried 'Thus let be,' to as much end

As give a crutch to the dead. But our countcardinal

Has done this, and 't is well; for worthy Worsey, Who cannot err, he did it. Now this tollows, Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy To the old dam, treason, Charles the emperor,

Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,
For 't was indeed his colour, but he came
To whisper Wolsey, here makes visitation:
His fears were, that the interview betwixt
England and France might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
Peep'd harms that menaced him. He privily
Deals with our cardinal, and, as I trow,
Which I do well; for I am sure the emperor
Paid ere he promised; whereby his suit was
granted

Ere it was ask'd; but when the way was made,
And paved with gold, the emperor thus desired:
That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,
As soon he shall by me, that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own adventage

And for his own advantage.

XVII.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish he were
Something mistaken in 't.

Buck. No, not a syllable: I do pronounce him in that very shape He shall appear in proof.

Enter Brandon; a Sergeant-at-Arms before him, and two or three of the Guard.

Bran. Your office, sergeant; execute it.

Serg.

My lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl

Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I

Arrest thee of high treason, in the name

Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo you, my lord, The net has fall'n upon me! I shall perish Under device and practice. Bran. I am sorry To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on The business present. 'T is his highness' pleasure You shall to the Tower. It will help me nothing Buck. To plead mine innocence, for that dye is on me Which makes my whitest part black. The will of heaven Be done in this and all things! I obey. O! my Lord Abergavenny, fare you well. Bran. Nay, he must bear you company. ABERGAVENNY.] The king Is pleased you shall to the Tower, till you know All who determines further. Aber. As the duke said. The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure By me obey'd! Bran. Here is a warrant from The king to attach Lord Montacute; and the bodies Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car, One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,— Buck.So, so; These are the limbs o' the plot: no more, I hope. Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux. O! Nicholas Hopkins? Buck. Bran. Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal

Hath show'd him gold. My life is spann'd already:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By darkening my clear sun. My long farewell.

[Execunt.

### Scene II. The Council-chamber.

Cornets. Enter the KING leaning on the CERDI-NAL'S shoulder, the Lords of the Council, Sir THOMAS LOVELL, Officers, and Attendants. The CARDINAL places himself under the KING'S feet on the right side.

K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart of it, Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the level

Of a full-charged confederacy, and give thankar To you that choked it. Let be call'd before us That gentleman of Buckingham's; in person I'll hear him his confessions justify; And point by point the treasons of his master He shall again relate.

- A noise within, crying 'Room for the Queen!'

  Enter Queen KATHARINE, ushered by the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk: she kneels.

  The King riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses and placeth her by him.
  - Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel: I am a suitor.
  - K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us: half your suit

Never name to us; you have half our power:

The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;

Repeat your will, and take it.

Q. Kath. Thank your majesty. That you would love yourself, and in that love Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor The dignity of your office, is the point Of my petition.

K. Hen. Lady mine, proceed.
Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been commissions

Sent down among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart

Of all their loyalties: wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
that bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master,
Whose honour heaven shield from soil! even heescapes not

Language unmannerly; yea, such which breaks The sides of loyalty, and almost appears In loud rebellion.

Nor.

Not almost appears,
It doth appear; for upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.

K. Hen.

Taxation t

Wherein? and what taxation? My lord cardinal, You that are blamed for it alike with us, Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir,

I know but of a single part in aught Pertains to the state; and front but in that file Where others tell steps with me.

Q. Kath.

You know no more than others; but you frame
Things that are known alike; which are not
wholesome

To those which would not know them, and yet must

Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions, Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are Most pestilent to the hearing; and to bear 'em, The back is sacrifice to the load. They say They are devised by you, or else you suffer Too hard an exclamation.

K. Hen. Still exaction !
The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?

Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd
Under your promised pardon. The subjects' grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from
each

The sixth part of his substance, to be levied Without delay; and the pretence for this Is named, your wars in France. This makes bold mouths:

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze. Allegiance in them; their curses now

Live where their prayers did; and it's come to pass,

This tractable obedience is a slave
To each incerised will. I would your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.

K. Hen. By my life,

This is against our pleasure.

And for me, Wol. I have no further gone in this than by A single voice, and that not pass'd me but By learned approbation of the judges. If I am Traduced by ignorant tongues, which neither know My faculties nor person, yet will be The chronicles of my doing, let me say "I is but the fate of place, and the rough brake That virtue must go through. We must not stint Our necessary actions, in the fear To cope malicious censurers; which ever, As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow That is new-trimm'd, but benefit no further Than vainly longing. What we oft do best, By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft, Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up For our best act. If we shall stand still, In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at, We should take root here where we sit, or sit State-statues only.

K. Hen. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent

Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws.
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution! Why, we take
From every tree lop, bark, and part of the timber;
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county
Where this is question'd send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied
The force of this commission. Pray, look to 't;
I put it to your care.

Wol. [To the Secretary.] A word with you. Let there be letters writ to every shire, Of the king's grace, and pardon. The grieved

commons

Hardly conceive of me; let it be noised
That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding.

[Exit Secretary.

## Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry that the Duke of Bucking-ham

Is run in your displeasure.

K. Hen. It grieves many:
The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker,
To nature none more bound; his training such
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet see,
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well disposed, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,

١,

Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we, Almost with ravish'd listening, could not find His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady, Hath into menstraus habits put the graces That once were his, and is become as black As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear-

This was his gentleman in trust—of him Things to strike honour sad. Bid him recount The fore-recited practices; whereof We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth; and with bold spirit relate what you,

Most like a careful subject, have collected Out of the Duke of Buckingham,

K. Hen. Speak freely. First, it was usual with him, every day It would infect his speech, that if the king Should without issue die, he'll carry it so To make the sceptre his. These very words I've heard him utter to his son-in-law, Lord Abergavenny, to whom by oath he menaced Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol.Please your highness, note This dangerous conception in this point. Not friended by his wish, to your high person His will is most malignant; and it stretches Beyond you, to your friends.

My learn'd lord cardinal, Q. Kath. Deliver all with charity.

Speak on: K. Hen. How grounded he his title to the crown Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him At any time speak aught?

Surv. • He was brought to this By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

K. Hen. What was that Hopkins

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,

His confessor, who fed him every minute

With words of sovereignty.

K. Hen. How know'st thou this? Surv. Not long before your highness sped to France.

The duke being at the Rose, within the parish Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand What was the speech among the Londoners Concerning the French journey: 1 replied, Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious, To the king's danger. Presently the duke Said, 't was the fear, indeed; and that he doubted T would prove the verity of certain words Spoke by a holy monk; 'that oft,' says he, Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour To hear from him a matter of some moment: Whom after under the confession's seal He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke My chaplain to no creature living but To me should utter, with demure confidence This pausingly ensued: Neither the king nor's heirs,

Tell you the duke, shall prosper: bid him strive To gain the love o' the commonalty: the duke Shall govern England.'

Q. Kath. If I know you well, You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office On the complaint o' the tenants: take good heed You charge not in your spleen a noble person, And spoil your nobler soul. I say, take heed; Yes, heartily beseach you.

K. Hen. Let him on.

Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth. I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions. The monk might be deceived; and that 't was dangerous for him

To ruminate on this so far, until

It forged him some design, which, being believed, It was much like to do. He answer'd 'Tush! It can do me no damage'; adding further, That had the king in his last sickness fail'd, The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads Should have gone off.

K. Hen. Ha! what, so rank? Ah ha! There's mischief in this man. Canst thou say further?

Surv. I can, my liege.

K. Hen.

Surv.

Proceed.

Being at Greenwich,

After your highness had reproved the duke

About Sir William Blomer,—

K. Hen. I remember

Of such a time: being my sworn servant,

The duke retain'd him his. But on; what hence? Surv. 'If,' quoth he, 'I for this had been committed,

As, to the Tower, I thought, I would have play'd The part my father meant to act upon The usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury, Made suit to come in 's presence; which if granted, and he made semblance of his duty, would Have put his knife into him.'

K. Hen.

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom.

And this man out of prison?

Q. Kath. God mend all!

K. Hen. There's something more would out of thee; what say'st?

Surv. After 'the duke his father,' with 'the knife,'

He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,

Another spread on 's breast, mounting his eyes, He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenour Was, were he evil used, he would outgo His father by as much as a performance Does an irresolute purpose.

K. Hen.

There's his period;
To sheathe his knife in us. He is attach'd;
Call him to present trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 't is his; if none,
Let him not seek 't of us: by day and night!
He's traitor to the height.

[Exeunt.]

Scene III. A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain and Lord SANDS.

Cham. Is't possible the spells of France should juggle

Men into such strange mysteries?

Sands. New customs, Though they be never so ridiculous, Nay, let'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd. Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English Have got by the late voyage is but merely A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd ones: For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly Their very noses had been counsellors 3,5 To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so. Sands. They have all new legs, and lame oncs: one would take it, That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin Or springhalt reign'd among 'em. Death! my lord. Cham. Phois clothes are after such a pagan cut too, That, sure, they've worn out Christendom.

#### Enter Sir Thomas Lovell

How now !

What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?

Lov. Faith, my lord,
I hear of none but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

Cham. What is 't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

Cham. I'm glad 't is there: now I would pray our monsieurs

To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Lov. They must either,

No, my lord:

For so run the conditions, leave those remnants Of fool and feather that they got in France, With all their honourable points of Ignorance Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fireworks; Abusing better men than they can be, Out of a foreign wisdom; renouncing clean The faith they have in tennis and tall stockings, Short blister'd breeches, and those types of travel, And understand again like honest men: Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it, They may, cum privilegio, wear away The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at. Sands. 'T is time to give 'em physic, their diseases Are grown so catching. What a loss our ladies Cham. Will have of these trim vanities! Ay, marry There will be woe indeed, lords: the sly whore-Bons Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies: A French song and a fiddle has no fellow. Sands. The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad they 'regoing, For, sure, there's no converting of 'em: now An honest country lord, as I am, beaten A long time out of play, may bring his plainsong And have an hour of hearing; and, by 'r lady, Held current music too. Well said, Lord Sands; Cham.

Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Sands.

Cham. Sir Thomas. Whither were you a-going? To the cardinal's: Lov. Your lordship is a gaest too. O 1 't is true: Oham. This night he makes a supper, and a great one, To many lords and ladies; there will be The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you. Lev. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed, A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us; His dews fall every where. No doubt he's noble: Cham. He had a black mouth that said other of him. Sands. He may, my lord; has wherewithal: in him Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine: Men of his way should be most liberal: They are set here for examples. Cham. True, they are so; But few now give so great ones. My barge stays: Your lordship shall along. Come, good Sir Thomas, We shall be late else; which I would not be, For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford, This night to be comptrollers. Sands. I am your lordship's. Exeunt.

Scene IV. The Presence-chamber in York-Place.

Hautboys. A small table under a state for Cardinal Wolsey, a longer table for the Guests; then enter Anne Bullen and divers Lords, Ladies,

SC 4.]

and Gentlewomen as guests, at one door; at another door, enter Sir Henry Guildforn.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace Salutes ye all: this night he dedicates
To fair content and you. None here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad; he would have all as merry
As, first, good company, good wine, good welcome
Can make good people.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands, and Sir Thomas Lovell.

O, my lord! you're tardy:

The very thought of this fair company

Clapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guildford. Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardin. But half my lay thoughts in him, some of these Should find a running banquet ere they rested, I think would better please 'em: by my life, They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O! that your lordship were but now con-

fessor

To one or two of these.

Sands. I would I were;

They should find easy penance.

Lov. Faith, how easy? Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it. Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry.

Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this; His grace is entering. Nay, you must not freeze;

[ACT L

Two women placed together makes cold weather: My Lord Sands, you are one will keep em waking; Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands.

And thank your lordship. By your leave, sweet ladies:

[Seats himself between Anne Bullen and another Lady.

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me; I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir?
Sands. O! very mad, exceeding mad; in love too:

But he would bite none; just as I do now, He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

Cham. Well said, my lord. So, now you're fairly scated. Gentlemen, The penance lies on you if these fair ladies Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,

Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal Wolsey, attended, and takes his state.

Wol. You're welcome, my fair guests: that noble lady,

Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,

Is not my friend: this, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all, good health.

Sands.

Your grace is hoble:

Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,

And save me so much talking.

Wol.

My Lord Sands.

I am beholding to you: cheer your neighbours.

Ladies, you are not merry: gentlemen,

Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise

In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have 'em

Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester.

My Lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play.

Here's to your ladyship; and pledge it, madam, For 't is to such a thing,—

Anne. You cannot show me.

Sands. I told your grace they would talk anon.

[Drum and trumpets within; chambers discharged.

Wol. What 'mikat ?

Cham. Look out there, some of ye.

[Exit a Servant.

Wol.

And to what end, is this? Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war you're privileg'd.

#### Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now! what is't?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers;
For so they seem: they've left their barge and

landed:

And hither make, as great ambassadors

From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain, Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the French

tongue;

And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him.

[Exit the Lerd Chamberlain, attended. All rise, and tables removed.

You have now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it.

A good digestion to you all; and once more I chower a welcome on ye; welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the KING and others as masquers, habited like shepherds, ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the CARDINAL, and gracefully salute him.

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus
they pray'd

To teil your grace: that, having heard by fame Of this so noble and so fair assembly

This night to meet here, they could do no less, Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,

But leave their flocks; and, under your fair conduct,

Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat

An hour of revels with 'em.

Wol.

Say, lord chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace; for which
I pay 'em

A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their pleasures.

[They choose Ladies for the dance. The King chooses Anne Bullen.

K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O

beauty! [Music. Till now I never knew thee. Dance. Wol. My lord! Cham. Your grace? Pray, tell 'em thus much from me: Wol.There should be one amongst 'em, by his person, More worthy this place than myself; to whom, If I but knew him, with my love and duty I would surrender it. Cham. I will, my lord. [Whispers the masquers. Wol. What say they? Such a one, they all confess, Cham. There is indeed; which they would have your grace Find out, and he will take it. Wol.Let me see then. [Comes from this state. By all your good leaves, gentlemen, here I'll make My royal choice. K. Hen. [Unmasking.] Ye have found him, cardinal. You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord: You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal, I should judge now unhappily. Wol.I am glad Your grace is grown so pleasant. K. Hen. My lord chamberlain, Prithee, come hither. What fair lady's that? Cham. An't please your grace, Sir Thomas

Bullen's daughter,
The Viscount Rochford, one of her highness'
women.

K. Hen. By heaven, she is a dainty one. Sweetheart.

I were unmannerly to take you out,

And not to kiss you! A health, gentlemen! Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready

I' the privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace,

I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

K. Hen. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,

In the next chamber.

K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one. Sweet

partner,

I must not yet forsake you. Let's be merry:
Good my lord cardinal, I have half-a-dozen healths.
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once again; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour. Let the music knock it.

[Exeunt, with trumpets.

### ACT II.

Scene I. Westminster. A Street.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

First Gent. Whither away so fast?
Second Gent.

E'en to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

First Gent.

I'll save you

That labour, sir. All's now done but the cere-

Of bringing back the prisone

Second Gent. Were you there?

First Gent. Yes, indeed, was I.

Second Gent. Pray speak what has happen'd.

First Gent. You may guess quickly what.

Second Gent. Is he found guilty?

First Gent. Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon't.

Second Gent. I am sorry for 't.

First Gent. So are a number more.

Second Gent. But, pray, how pass'd it?

First Gent. I'll tell you in a little. The great duke

Came to the bar; where to his accusations

He pleaded still not guilty, and alleged

Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.

The king's attorney on the contrary

Urged on the examinations, proofs, confessions

Of divers witnesses; which the duke desired

To have brought, viva voce, to his face:

At which appear'd against him his surveyor;

Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Car,

Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,

Hopkins, that made this mischief.

Second Gent. That was he

That fed him with his prophecies?

First Gent. The same.

All these accused him strongly; which he fain

Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not:

And so his peers, upon this evidence,

Have found him guilty of high treason. Much He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all Was either pitied in him or forgotten.

Second Gent. After all this how did he bear

himself?

First Gent. When he was brought again to the bar, to hear

His knell rung out, his judgement, he was stirr'd With such an agony, he sweat extremely,

And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty: But he fell to himself again, and sweetly

In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

Second Gent. I do not think he fears death.

First Gent.

Sure, he does not:

He never was so womanish; the cause

He many little grieve at.

Second Gent. Certainly,

The cardinal is the end of this.

First Gent. T is likely,

By all conjectures: first, Kildare's attainder, Then deputy of Ireland; who removed,

Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too, lest he should help his father.

Second Gent. That trick of state

Was a deep envious one.

First Gent. At his return
No doubt he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally, whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.

Second Gent. All the commons Hate him perniciously, and, o'my conscience, Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much

OC I.

They love and dote on; call him bounteous Buckingham,

The mirror of all courtesy:—

First Gent. Stay there, sir,

And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

Enter Buckingham from his arraignment; Tipstaves before him; the axe with the edge towards him; halberds on each side: accompanied with Sir Thomas Lovell, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir Walter Sands, and common People.

Second Gent. Let's stand close, and behold him. Buck. All good people.

You that thus far have come to pity me,

Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.

I have this day received a traitor's judgement,

And by that name must die: yet, hear bear witness,

And if I have a conscience, let it sink me, Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful! The law I bear no malice for my death,

"I has done upon the premisses but justice;

But those that sought it I could wish more Christians:

Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em. Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,

Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;

For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.

For further life in this world I ne'er hope,

Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies

More than I dare make faults. You few that loved me,

And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,

His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave Is only bitter to kim, only dying, Go with me, like good angels, to my end; And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me, Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice, And lift my soul to heaven. Lead on, o' God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity, If ever any malice in your heart

Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive
you

As I would be forgiven: I forgive all.

There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me that I cannot take peace with: no black envy

Shall mark my grave. Commend me to his grace;

And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him You met him half in heaven. My vows and prayers

Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake, Shall cry for blessings on him: may he live Longer than I have time to tell his years! Ever beloved and loving may his rule be! And when old time shall lead him to his end, Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your

grace; Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux, Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there, The duke is coming: see the barge be ready;

. €C. 1-1.

And fit it with such furniture as suits. The greatness of his person.

Buck.

Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.

When I came hither, I was lord high constable

And Duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward

Bohun:

Yet I am richer than my base accusers, That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it;

And with that blood will make them one day groan for't.

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first raised head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell: God's peace be with him!
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restored me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the Eight, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes
me

A little happier than my wroched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes; both
Fell by our servants, by those men we loved
most:

A most unnatural and faithless service!

Heaven has an end in all; yet, you that hear
me,

This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make
friends

And give your hearts to, when they once perceive The least rub in your fortunes, fall away Like water from ye, never found again But where they mean to sink ye. All good

Pray for me! I must now forsake ye: the last hour Of my long weary life is come upon me.

Farewell:

And when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell. I have done; and God forgive
me! [Exeunt Buckingham and Train.
First Gent. O! this is full of pity. Sir, it calls,

I fear, too many curses on their heads

That were the authors.

Second Gent. If the duke be guiltless, 'T is full of woe; yet I can give you inkling' Of an ensuing evil, if it fall, Greater than this.

First Gent. Good angels keep it from us! What may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir? Second Gent. This secret is so weighty, 't will require

A strong faith to conceal it.

First Gent. Let me have it:

I do not talk much.

Second Gent. I am confident:

You shall, sir. Did you not of late days hear A buzzing of a separation

Between the king and Katharine?

First Gent. Yes, but it held not: For when the king once heard its out of anger He sent command to the lord mayor straight To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues

That durst disperse it.

Second Gent. But that slander, sir, Is found a truth now; for it grows again Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal. Or some about him near, have, out of malice To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple That will undo her: to confirm this too, Cardinal Campeius is arrived, and lately; As all think, for this business.

'T is the cardinal: First Gent.

And merely to revenge him on the emperor For not bestowing on him, at his asking,

The archbishoprick of Toledo, this is purposed. Second Gent. I think you have hit the mark:

but is't not cruel

That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal

Will have his will, and she must fall.

'T is woeful First Gent.

We are too open here to argue this;

Exeunt. Let's think in private more.

Science II. An Antechamber in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.

Cham. My lord, The horses your lordship sent for, with all the ecare I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission and main power, took 'em from me; with this reason: His master would be served before a subject, if not before the king; which stopped our mouths, sir.

I fear he will indeed. Well, let him have them: He will have all, I think.

Enter the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk.

Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain. Cham. Good day to both your graces. Suf. How is the king employ'd?

Cham. I left him private,

Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause? Cham. It seems the marriage with his brother's wife

Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No; his conscience

Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. Tis so:

This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he list. The king will know him one
day.

Suf. Pray God he do! he'll never know himself else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business, And with what zeal! for now he has crack'd the league Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew\_ He dives into the king's soul, and there scatters Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience, Fears, and despairs; and all these for his marriage; And out of all these to restore the king.

He counsels a divorce; a loss of her, That like a jewel has hung twenty years

About his neck, yet never lost her lustre: Of her, that loves him with that excellence

That angels love good men with; even of her, That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,

Will bless the king: and is not this course pious? Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'T is most true

These news are every where; every tongue speaks 'em,

And every true heart weeps for the All that dare Look into these affairs see this main end,

The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open

The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon This bold bad man.

And free us from his slavery. Suf.

Nor. We had need pray,

And heartily, for our deliverance, Or this imperious man will work us all From princes into pages. All men's honours Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd Into what pitch he please.

Suf. For me, my lords, I love him not, not fear him; there's my creed. As I am made without him, so I'll stand, If the king please; his curses and his blessings

Touch me alike, they're breath I not believe in. I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him To him that made him proud, the pope.

Nor. Let's in;

And with some other business put the king

From these sad thoughts, that work too-much upon him.

My lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuse me;

The king hath sent me otherwhere: besides,

You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:

Health to your lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain. [Exit Lord Chamberlain.

NORFOLK opens a folding-door. The KING is discovered sitting and reading pensively.

Suf. How sad he looks! sure, he is much

K. Hen. Who's there, ha?

Nor. Pray God he be not angry.

K. Hen. Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves

Into my private meditations?

Who am I? ha?

Nor. A gracious king that pardons all offences Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty this way Is business of estate; in which we come To know your royal pleasure.

K. Ken. Ye are too bold. Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business: Is this an hour for temporal affairs, ha?

## Enter Wolsey and Campeius.

Who's there? my good lord cardinal? O! my Wolsey,

The quiet of my wounded conscience;

Thou art a cure fit for a king. [To CAMPEIUS.] You're welcome,

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom:

Use us, and it. [To Wolsey.] My good lord, have great care

I be not found a talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot.

I would your grace would give us but an hour Of private conference.

K. Hen. [To Norfolk and Suffolk.] We are busy: go.

Nor. [Aside to SUFFOLK.] This priest has no pride in him!

Suf. [Aside to NORFOLK.] Not we of:

I would not be so sick though for his place: But this cannot continue.

Nor. [Aside to SUFFOLK.] If it do,

1'll venture one have-at-him.

Suf. [Aside to NORFOLK.] I another.

[Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk.

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom

Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom.
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms

Have their free voices: Rome, the nurse of judgement,

Invited by your noble self, hath sent One general tongue unto us, this good man, This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius, Whom once more I present unto your highness.

K. Hen. And once more in mine arms I bid

him welcome.

And thank the holy conclave for their loves:

They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all

strangers' loves,

You are so noble. To your highness' hand I tender my commission; by whose virtue, The court of Rome commanding, you, my lord Cardinal of York, are join'd with me, their servant, In the unpartial judging of this business.

K. Hen. Two equal men. The queen shall be

acquainted

Forthwith for what you come. Where's Gardiner? Wol. I know your majesty has always loved her

So dear in heart, not to deny her that A woman of less place might ask by law, Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.

K. Hen. Ay, and the best she shall have; and

my favour

To him that does best: God forbid else. Cardinal, Prithee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary: I find him a fit fellow. Exit Wolsey.

Re-enter Wolsey, with Gardiner.

8C. 2J

Wol. [Aside to GARDINER.] Give me your hand; much joy and favour to you:

You are the king's now.

Gard. [Aside to Wolsey.] But to be commanded For ever by your grace, whose hand has raised me. K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner.

[They converse apart.

Cam. My lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace

In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then

Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. Pow of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say you envied him, And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,

Kept him a foreign man still; which so grieved him,

That he ran mad and died.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him! That's Christian care enough: for living murmurers There's places of rebuke. He was a fool, For he would needs be virtuous: that good fellow, If I command him, follows my appointment: I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother, We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

The most convenient place that I can think of For such receipt of learning is Black-Friars;

\*XVII. • d

There ye shall meet about this weighty business. My Wolsey, see it furnished. 'O my lord! Would it not grieve an able man to leave So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience! O! 't is a tender place, and I must leave her. [Exeunt.

Scene III. An Antechamber of the Queen's Apartments.

Enter Anne Bullen and an old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither: here's the pang that pinches:

His highness having lived so long with her, and

So good a lady that no tongue could ever Pronounce dishe four of her; by my life, She never knew harm-doing: O! now, after So many courses of the sun enthroned, Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the which To leave a thousand-fold more bitter than 'T is sweet at first to acquire, after this process To give her the avaunt! it is a pity Would move a monster.

Old Lady. Hearts of most hard temper Melt and lament for her.

O! God's will; much better Anne. She ne'er had known pomp: though't be temporal, Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce It from the bearer, 't is a sufferance, panging' As soul and body's severing.

Old Lady. Alas | poor lady,

She's a stranger now again.

Anne.

Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 't is better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old Lady. Our content

Is our best having.

Anne. By my troth and maidenhead,

I would not be a queen.

Old Lady. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for 't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy.
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet

Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty: Which, to say sooth, are blessings, and which gifts,

Saving your mincing, the capacity

Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive, If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth. Old Lady. Yes, troth, and troth; you would not be a queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven. Old Lady. 'T is strange: a three-pence bow'd would hire me,

Old as I am, to queen it. But, I pray you, What think you of a duchess? have you limbs To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old Lady. Then you are weakly made. Pluck
off a little:

I would not be a young count in your way,

For more than blushing comes to: if your back Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 't is too weak Ever to get a boy.

Anne. • How you do talk! I swear again, I would not be a queen For all the world.

Old Lady. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an emballing: I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd
No more to the crown but that. Lo! who comes
here?

## Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were't worth to know

The secret of your conference?

Anne. My good lord, Not your demand; it values not your asking: Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming The action of good women: there is hope All will be well.

Anne. Now, I pray God, amen!
Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly
blessings

Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady, Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty Commends his good opinion of you, and Does purpose honour to you no less flowing Than Marchioness of Pembroke; to which title A thousand pounds a year, annual support, Out of his grace he adds.

I do not know What kind of my obedience I should tender; • More than my all is nothing nor my prayers Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers and wishes

Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship, Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience. As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness. Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady.

I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit The king hath of you. [Aside.] I have perused her well;

**Beauty** and honour in her are so mingled That they have caught the king and who knows yet

But from this lady may proceed a gem To lighten all this isle? I'll to the king, And say I spoke with you.

Exit. My honour'd lord. Anne.

Old Lady. Why, this it is; see, see! I have been begging sixteen years in court, Am yet a courtier beggarly, nor could Come pat betwixt too early and too late, For any suit of pounds; and you, O fate! A very fresh-fish here, fie, fie, fie upon This compell'd fortune! have your mouth fill'd up Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me. Old Lady. How tastes it? is it bitter? pence, no.

There was a lady once, 't is an old story,

That would not be a queen, that would she not, For all the mud in Egypt: have you heard it? Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

With your theme I could Old Lady. O'ermount the lark. The Marchioness of Pembroke l

A thousand pounds a year for pure respect! No other obligation 1 By my life

That promises more thousands: honour's train . Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time I know your back will bear a duchess: say,

Are you not stronger than you were?

Good lady, Anne.Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy, And leave me out on't. Would I had no being, If this salute my-blood a jot: it faints me To think what Tollows.

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful In our long absence. Pray, do not deliver What here you've heard to her.

What do you think me? Old Lady. [Exeunt.

### Scene IV.—A Hall in Black-Friars.

Trumpets, sennet and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them, two Scribes, in the habit of doctors; after them, the Archbishop of Canterbury, alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and SAINT ASAPH; next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great scal, and a cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross;

sc. 📢 .

then a Gentleman-Usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Sergeant-at-Arms, bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals; two Noblemen with the sword and mace. Then enter the King and QUEEN and their Trains. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The QUEEN takes place some distance from the KING. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read, Let silence be commanded.

K. Hen. What's the need?

It hath already publicly been read,

And on all sides the authority allow'd;

You may then spare that time.

Wol. Be't so. Proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry King of England, come into the court.

Crier. Henry King of England, come into the court.

K. Hen. Here.

Scribe. Say, Katherine Queen of England, come into the court.

Crier. Katherine Queen of England, come into the court.

The Queen makes no answer, riscs out of her

chair, goes about the court, comes to the KING, and kneels at his feet; then speaks. Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you do me right and

justice

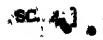
friends

And to bestow your pity on me; for I am a most poor woman, and a stranger, Born out of your dominions; having here No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas! sir, In what have I offended you? what cause Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure, That thus you should proceed to put me off And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness.

I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable;
Ever in fear to baidle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance, glad or sorry
As I saw it inclined. When was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your

Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? What friend of mine
That had to him derived your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharged. Sir, call to
mind

That I have been your wife, in this obedience, Upward of twenty years, and have been blest With many children by you: if, in the course And process of this time, you can report, And prove it too, against mine honour aught,



My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgement; Ferdinand,
My father, King of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince that there had reign'd by many
A year before: it is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore
I humbly

Besech you, sir, to spare me, till I may Be by my friends in Spain advised, whose counsel I will implore: if not, i' the name of God,

Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wol.

You have here, lady,
And of your choice, these reverend fathers; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause. It shall be therefore
bootless

That longer you desire the court, as well For your own quiet, as to rectify What is unsettled in the King.

Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well and justly: therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed,
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produced and heard.

' Q. Kath. Lord cardinal, To you I speak.

Wol.

Your pleasure, madam?

Q. Kath.

I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a queen, or long have dream'd so, certain
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Fol. Be patient yet,

Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,

Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induced by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge
You shall not be my judge; for it is you
Have blown this chal betwixt my lord and me,
Which God's dew quench! therefore I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol.

You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and displayed the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me

wrong:

I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
For you or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge

That I have blown this coal: I do deny it.

The king is present: if it be known to him

That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,

And worthily, my falsehood; yea, as much

As you have done my truth. If he know

That I am free of your report, he knows

I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him

It lies to cure me; and the cure is, to

Remove these thoughts from you: the which

before

His highness shall speak in, I do beseech You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking, And to say so no more.

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,

I am a simple woman, much too weak

To oppose your cunning. You're meek and humble-mouth'd;

You sign your place and calling, in full seeming, With meekness and humility; but your heart Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride. You have, by fortune and his highness' favours, Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted Where powers are your retainers, and your words, Domestics to you, serve your will as't please Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you, You tender more your person's honour than Your high profession spiritual; that again I do refuse you for my judge; and here, Before you all, appeal unto the pope, To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness, And to be judged by him.

[She curtsies to the KING, and offers to depart. Cam. The queen is obstinate,

Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and Disdainful to be tried by 't: 't is not well, She's going away.

K. Hen. • Call her again.

Crier. Katharine Queen of England, come into the court.

Griffith. Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you, keep your way:

When you are call'd, return. Now the Lord help!

They vex me past my patience. Pray you, pass on:

I will not tarry; no, nor ever more Upon this business my appearance make In any of their courts.

[Exeunt Queen and her Attendants.

K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate:
That man i' the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that: thou art, alone,
If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,
The queen of earthly queens. She's noble born;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.

Wol.

In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears, for where I am robb'd and
bound

There must I be unloosed, although not there At once and fully satisfied, whether ever I Did broach this business to your highness, or Laid any scruple in your way, which might Induce you to the question on 't? or ever Have to you, but with thanks to God for such A royal lady, spake one the least word that might Be to the prejudice of her present state, Or touch of her good person?

K. Hen. My lord cardinal,

I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from 't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs.
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You're excused:
But will you be more justified? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never
desired

It to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd, oft,
The passages made toward it. On my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what moved me
to't,

I will be bold with time and your attention:
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came;
give heed to't:

My conscience first received a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador,

Who had been hither sent on the debating A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and Our daughter Mary. I' the progress of this business,

Ere a determinate resolution, he,
I mean the bishop, did require a respite;
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook
The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast; which forced such way,
That many mazed considerings did throng,
And press'd in with this caution. First, methought

I stood not in the smile of heaven, who had Commanded nature that my lady's womb, If it conceived a male child by me, should Do no more offices of life to 't than The grave does to the dead; for her male issue Or died where thy were made, or shortly after This world had air'd them. Hence I took a

thought

This was a judgement on me; that my kingdom, Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not Be gladded in 't by me. Then follows that I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer Toward this remedy, whereupon we are Now present here together; that's to say, I meant to rectify my conscience, which I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,

By all the reverend fathers of the land And doctors learn'd. First, I began in private. With you, my lord of Lincoln; you remember How under my oppression I did reek, When I first moved you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

K. Hen. I have spoke long: be pleased yourself to say

How far you satisfied me.

Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,
Bearing a state of mighty moment in 't,
And consequence of dread, that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt;
And did entreat your highness to this course
Which you are running here.

K. Hen.

My lord of Canterbury, and got your leave
To make this present summons. Unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court;
But by particular consent proceeded
Under your hands and seals: therefore, go on;
For no dislike i' the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points.
Of my alleged reasons drive this forward.
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That's paragon'd o' the world.

Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 't is a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till further day:

Meanwhile must be an earnest motion Made to the queen, to call back her appeal She intends unto his holiness.

K. Hen. [Aside.] I may perceive
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-belov'd servant, Cranmer,
Prithee, return: with thy approach, I know,
Mr comfort comes along. Break up the court:
I say, set on.

[Execute in manner as there entered.

# ACT III.

Scene I. The Palace at Bridewell. A Room in the Cpeen's Apartments.

The Queen and her Women at work.

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad with troubles;

Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst. Leave working.

#### Song.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:
To his music, plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play, Even the billows of the sea, Hung their heads, and then lay by. In sweet music is such art,

# Killing care and grief of heart Fall asleep, or hearing, dre.

#### Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now!

Gent. An 't please your grace, the two great cardinals

Wait in the presence.

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?

Gen. They will'd me say so, madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their graces To come near. [Exit Gentleman.

What can be their business

With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour? I do not like their coming, now think on 't.

They should be good men, their affairs as righteous;

But all hoods make not monks.

## Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness!

Q. Math. Your graces find me here part of a housewife,

I would be all, against the worst may happen.

What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

\* Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw

Into your private chamber, we shall give you The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here;

There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience, xvII.

'Deserves a corner; would all other women Could speak this with as free a soul as I do ! My lords, I care not, so much I am happy Above a number of my actions Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw 'em, Envy and base opinion set against 'em, I know my life so even. If your business Seek me out, and that way I am wife in, Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing. Wol. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina

serenissima,---

Q. Kath. O ! good my lord, no Latin; I am not such a truant since my coming, As not to know the language I have lived in: A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious : /

Pray, speak in English: here are some will thank

you,

If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake: Believe me, she has had much wrong. Lord cardinal.

The willing'st sin I ever yet committed

May be absolved in English.

Wol. Noble lady. I am sorry my integrity should breed, And service to his majesty and you, So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant. We come not by the way of accusation, To taint that honour every good tongue blesses, Nor to betray you any way to sorrow, You have too much, good lady; but to know How you stand minded in the weighty difference Between the king and you; and to deliver,

Like free and honest men, our just opinions And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd madam. My lord of York, out of his hoble nature. Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace, Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure Both of his truth and him, which was too far, Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace, His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. [Aside.] To betray me. My lords, I thank you both for your good wills; Ye speak like honest men, pray God ye prove so! But how to make ye suddenly an answer, In such a point of weight, so near mine honour, More near my life, I fear, with my weak wit, And to such men of gravity ar learning, In truth, I know not. I was set at work Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking Either for such men or such business. For her sake that I have been, for I feel The last fit of my greatness, good your graces, Let me have time and counsel for my cause: Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these fears:

Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In England But little for my profit. Can you think, lords, That any Englishman dare give me counsel? Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure, Though he be grown so desperate to be honest, And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends, They that must weigh out my afflictions,

12

They that my trust must grow to, live not here: They are, as all my other comforts, far hence In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would your grace

Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Kath. How, sir? Cam. Put your main cause into the king's pro-

tection:

He's loving and most gracious: 't will be much Both for your honour better and your cause; For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye, You'll part away disgraced.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both; my ruin.

Is this your Christan counsel? out upon ye! Heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Q. Kath. The more shame for ye! holy men I thought ye,

Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues; But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear ye.

Mend 'em, for shame, my lords. Is this your confort?

The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady, A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd? I will not wish ye half my miseries, I have more charity; but say, I warn'd ye:

Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once

The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye. Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;

You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing: woe wpon

And all such false professors! Would you have me, If ye have any justice, any pity, If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits, Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me? Alas! has banish'd me his bed already, His love, too long ago. I am old, my lords, And all the fellowship I hold now with him Is only my obedience. What can happen To me above this wretchedness? all your studies Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Q. Kath. Have I lived thus long, let me speak myself,

Since virtue finds no friends, a wife, a true one?
A woman, I dare say without vain-glory,
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? loved him next heaven? obey'd

Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure,
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour, a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,

To give up willingly that noble title Your master wed me to: nothing but death Shall e'er divorce my lignities.

Wol. Pray hear me. Q. Kath. Would I had never trod this English earth.

Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels faces, but heaven knows your chearts.

What will become of me now, wretched lady?
I am the most unhappy woman living.
Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?
Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope, no kindred weep for me;
Almost no grave at ow'd me. Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head and perish.

Wol.

Could but be brought to know our ends are honest, You'd feel more comfort. Why should we, good lady,

Upon what cause, wrong you? alas! our places,
The way of our profession is against it:
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm: pray think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and ser-

Value.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues

With these weak women's fears: a noble spirit, As yours was put into you, ever casts

Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;

Beware you lose it not: for us, if you please To trust us in your business, we are ready To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords: and pray forgive me

If I have used myself unmannerly.
You know I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray do my service to his makesty:
He has my heart yet: and shall have my

He has my heart yet: and shall have my prayers While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers.

Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear.

[Execut.

# Scene II. An Antechamber to the King's Apartment.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke of Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints, And force them with a constancy, the cardinal Cannot stand under them: if you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise

But that you shall sustain more new disgraces With these you bear already.

I am joyful. Sur.

To meet the least occasion that may give me Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,

To be revenged on him.

Which of the peers Suf. Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least Strangely neglected? when did he regard The stamp of nobleness in any person Out of himself 7

Cham. My lords, you speak your

pleasures.

What he deserves of you and me I know; What we can do to him, though now the time Gives way to us, I huch fear. If you cannot Bar his access to the king, never attempt Any thing on him, for he hath a witchcraft Over the king in's tongue.

Nor.O! fear him not: His spell in that is out: the king hath found Matter against him that for ever mars The honey of his language. No, he's settled,

Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sir, Sur. I should be glad to hear such news as this Once every hour.

Nor.Believe it, this is true: In the divorce his contrary proceedings Are all unfolded; wherein he appears As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came

His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely. O! how? how? Sur. Suf. The cardinal's letters to the pope miscarried, And came to the eye o' the king; wherein was read, How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness To stay the judgement o' the divorce; for if It did take place, 'I do,' quoth he, 'perceive My king is tangled in affection to A creature of the queen's, Lady Anne Bullen.' Sur. Has the king this? Suf. Believe it. Sur. Will this work? Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts And hedges his own way. But in this point All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic After his patient's death: the king already Hath married the fair lady. Would he had! Sur. Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord! For, profess, you have it. Sur. Now all my joy Trace the conjunction ! Suf. My amen to 't! Nor. All men's i Suf. There's order given for her coronation; Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left To some ears unrecounted. But, my lords, She is a gallant creature, and complete

In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall

In it be memorized.

[ACFIIL

But will the king Digest this letter of the cardinal's? The Lord forbid } Nor. Marry, amen! Suf. No, no; There be more wasps that buzz about his nose Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius Is #ol'n away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave; Has left the cause o' the king unhandled; and \*\*\* Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal, To second all his plot. I do assure you The king cried Ha! at this. Now, God incense him, Cham. And let him cry Ha! louder. But, my lord, When returns Cranmer? Suf. He is return'd in his opinions, which Have satisfied the king for his divorce, Together with all famous colleges Almost in Christendom. Shortly I believe His second marriage shall be publish'd, and Her coronation. Katharine no more Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager, And widow to Prince Arthur. This same Cranmer's Nor. A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain In the king's business. He has; and we shall see him Suf. For it an archbishop. So I hear. Nor. T is so. Suf. The cardinal 1

#### Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.

Observe, observe; he 's moody. Nor. Wol. The packet, Cromwell, Gave't you the king? Crom. To his own hand, in's bedchamber. Wol. Look'd he o' the inside of the paper? Presently Crom. He did unseal them; and the first he view'd, He did it with a serious mind; a heed Was in his countenance. You he bade Attend him here this morning. Is he ready Wol. To come abroad? I think by this he is. [Exit CROMWELL. Wol. Leave me awhile. [Aside.] It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon, The French king's sister: he shall marry her. Anne Bullen! No: I'll no Anne Bullens for him: There's more in't than fair visage. Bullen! No. 2 " Il no Bullens. Speedily I wish To hear from Rome. The Marchioness of Pembroke! Nor. He's discontented. Suf. May be he hears the king Does whet his anger to him. Sharp enough, Sur. Lord, for thy justice! Wol. [Aside.] The late queen's gentlewoman, a knight's daughter, To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen! This candle burns not clear: 't is I must snuff it;

Then out it goes. What though I know her virtuous

And well deserving? yet I know her for A spleeny Lutheren; and not wholesome to a Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of Our hard-ruled king. Again, there is sprung up An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king, And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Suf. I would 't were something that would fret the string,

The master-cord on's heart!

Enter the KING, rading a schedule; and LOVELL.

Suf. The king ! K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated

To his own portion! and what expense by the hour

Seems to flow from him! How i' the name of thrift, Does he rake this together? Now, my lords, Saw you the cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have

Stood here observing him; some strange commotion

Is in his brain: he bites his lip and starts; Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground, Then lays his finger on his temple; straight Springs out into fast gait; then stops again, Strikes his breast hard; and anon he casts His eye against the moon: in most strange postures We have seen him set himself.

It may well be, K. Hen. There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning Papers of state he sent me to peruse, As I required; and wot you what I found There, on my conscience, put unwittingly? Forsooth an inventory, thus importing; The several parcels of his plate, his treasure, Rich stuffs and ornaments of household, which I find at such proud rate that it outspeaks Possession of a subject.

Nor. It's heaven's will: Some spirit put this paper in the packet

To bless your eye withal.

K. Hen. His contemplation were above the earth, And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still Dwell in his musings: but I am afraid His thinkings are below the moon, not worth His serious considering.

[He takes his seat, and whispers LOVELL, who goes to Wolsey.

Heaven forgive me!

Ever God bless your highness!

K. Hen. Good my lord, You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory

Of your best graces in your mind, the which You were now running o'er: you have scarce time To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span To keep your earthly audit: sure, in that I deem you an ill husband, and am glad To have you therein my companion.

Wol Sir, For holy offices I have a time; a time To think upon the part of business which I bear i'the state: and nature does require Her times of preservation, which perforce I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal, Must give my tendance to. K. Hen. You have said well. Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together. As I will lend you cause, my doing well With my well saying ! K. Hen. 'T is well said again: And 't is a kind of good deed to say well: And yet words re no deeds. My father loved you: He said he did, and with his deed did crown His word upon you: since I had my office I have kept you next my heart; have not alone Employ'd you where high profits might come home. But pared my present havings, to bestow My bounties upon you. Wol. [Aside.] What should this mean? Sur. [Aside.] The Lord increase this business! K. Hen. Have I not made you The prime man of the state? I pray you tell me If what I now pronounce you have found true; And if you may confess it, say withal If you are bound to us or no. What say you? Wol. My sovereign, I confess your royal graces,

Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could

My studied purposes requite; which went

Beyond all man's endeavours: my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet filed with my abilities. Mine own ends
Have been mine so, that ever ore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,
My prayers to heaven for you, my loyalty,
Which ever has and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.

K. Hen. Fairly answer'd;
A loyal and obedient subject is

Therein illustrated; the honour of it Does pay the act of it, as, i'thercontrary, The foulness is the punishment. I presume That as my hand has open'd bounty to you,

My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour

On you than any; so your hand and heart, Your brain, and every function of your power, Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty, Age t were in love's particular, be more To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be,
Though all the world should crack their duty to

And throw it from their soul; though perils did Abound as thick as thought could make 'em, and Appear in forms more horrid, yet my duty, As doth a rock against the chiding flood,

Should the approach of this wild river break, And stand unshaken yours.

K. Hen. T is nobly spoken.

Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,

For you have seen him open't. Read o'er this;

[Giving him papers.]

And after, this; and then to breakfast with

What appetite you have.

[Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey:
the Nobles throng after him, smiling

and whispering.

Wol. What should this mean? What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it? He parted frowning from me, as if ruin Leap'd from his eyes: so looks the chafed lion Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him; Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper; I fear, the story of his anger. 'T is so: This paper has undone me! 'T is the account Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence! Fit for a fool to fall by: what cross devil Made me put this main secret in the packet I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this No new device to beat this from his brains? I know 't will stir him strongly; yet I know A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune Will bring me off again. What's this? 'To the Pope!

The letter, as I live, with all the business I writ to's holiness. Nay then, farewell! I have touch'd the highest point of all my great-

ness:

And from that full meridian of my glory
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

Re-enter the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who commands you

To render up the great seal presently Into our hands; and to confine yourself To Asher-house, my lord of Winchester's, Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol.

Wol.

Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry

Authority so weighty.

Suf. Who dare cross 'em,
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

Wolf Till I find more than will or words to do

it.

I mean your malice, know, officious lords,
I dare and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded, envy:
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You have Christian warrant for em, and no doubt
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal
You ask with such a violence, the king,

Mine and your master, with his own hand gave me:

Bade me enjoy it with the place and honours, During my life; and to confirm his goodness, Tied it by letters-patent: now who'll take it?

Sur. The king, that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself then.

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Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest:

Within these forty hours Surrey durst better Have burnt that tongue than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,

Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land Of noble Bucking am, my father-in-law:

The heads of all two brother cardinals,

With thee and all thy best parts bound together, Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!

You sent me deputy for Ireland,

Far from his succour, from the king, from all

That might have mercy on the fault thou gavest him:

Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pit,, Absolved him with an axe.

Wol.

This and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts: how innocent I was

From any private malice in his end,

His noble jury and foul cause can witness.

If I loved many words, lord, I should tell you

You have as little honesty as honour,

That in the way of loyalty and truth Toward the king, my ever royal master,

Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be, And all that love his follies.

By my soul,

Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou shouldst feel

My sword i' the life-blood of thee else. My lords, Can ye endure to hear this arrogance? And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely, To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet. Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward And dare us with his cap like larks.

Wol.All goodness

Is poison to thy stomach.

Yes, that goodness Sur. Of gleaning all the land's weakn into one, Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion; The goodness of your intercepted packets You writ to the pope against the king; your good-

ness,

Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious. My Lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble, As you respect the common good, the state Of Sur despised nobility, our issues, Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen, Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles Collected from his life; I'll startle you Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this

man,

But that I am bound in charity against it! Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand:

But, thus much, they are foul ones. Wol. So much fairer And spotless shall mire innocence arise When the king knows my truth. Sur. This cannot save you: I thank my memory, I yet remember Some of these articles; and out they shall. Now, if you can blush and cry 'guilty,' cardinal, You'll show a little honesty. Wol. Speak on, sir; I dare your worst objections: if I blush, It is to see a nobleman want manners. Sur. I had rather want those than my head. Have at you\f First, that without, he king's assent or knowledge You wrought to be a legate; by which power You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops. Nor. Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else To foreign princes, Ego et Rex meus Was still inscribed; in which you brought the king To be your servant. Then, that without the knowle 're Sut. Either of king or council, when you went Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold To carry into Flanders the great seal. Sur. Item, you sent a large commission To Gregory de Cassado, to conclude,

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caused. Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

Sur. Then that you have sent innumerable sub-

Without the king's will or the state's allowance,

A league between his highness and Ferrara.

stance,

By what means got I leave to your own conscience, To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways You have for dignities; to the mere undoing Of all the kingdom. Many more there are; Which, since they are of you, and odious, I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord!

Press not a falling man too far; 't is virtue: His faults lie open to the laws; let them, Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is, Because all those things you have done of late, By your power legatine within this kingdom, Fall into the compass of a promunire, That therefore such a writ be sued against you; To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements, Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be Out of the king's protection. This is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank
you.

So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me. Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness! This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms, And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;

The third day comes a frost, a killing frost; And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely His greatness is a ripering, nips his root, And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured, c Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders, This many summers in a sea of glory, But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride At length broke under me, and now has left me, Weary and old with service, to the mercy Of a rude stream, that must for ever hid Vain pomp and glory of this world, I have I feel my heart new open'd. O! how wre Is that poor manythat hangs on princes' " -rours. There is, betwixt k at smile we would aspire to, That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin, More pangs and fears than wars or women have; And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer, Never to hope again.

Enter Cromwell, and stands amazed.

Why, how now, Cromwell!

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol.

What! amazed

At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder

A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,

I am fall'n indeed.

Crom.

How does your grace?

Wol.

Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.

I know myself now; and I feel within me

A peace above all earthly dignities,

A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured

I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,

These ruin'd pillars, out of pity taken

A load would sink a navy, too much honour:

O! 't is a burden, Cromwell, 't is a burden

Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.

Well I hope I have: I am able now, methinks, Out of a firtitude of soul I feel,

To endore more miseries and greater far

Than my we k-hearted enemies dare offer.

What news broad?

Cron The heaviest and the worst your displeasure with the king.

W. Jl. God bless him!

From. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen

Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol.

But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!
What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome, Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

\* Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne, Whom the king hath in secrecy long married, This day was view'd in open as his queen,

Going to chapel; and the voice is now Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd mer down. O Cromwell!

The king has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever.
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell:

I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told
him

What and how trye thou art: he will advance thee;

Some little memory of me will stir him,
I know his noble nature, not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Must I then leave you? must I needs forgo
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The king shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever and for ever shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me, Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman. Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Crom-

well;

And, when I am forgotten, as Lshall be, And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee, Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory, And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour, Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in; A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it. Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me. Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition: By that sin fell the angels; how can man then, The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't? Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;

Corruption wins not more than 'conesty. Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace, To silence envious tongues: be just and fear not. Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's, Thy God's, and truth's: then if thou fall'st, O

Cromwell! Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king:

And,—prithee, lead me in:

Theretake an inventory of all I have,

To the last penny; 't is the king's: my robe

And my integrity to heaven is all

I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell !

Had I but served my God with half the zeal I served my king, he would not in mine age Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

So I have. Farewell The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell Exeunt.

## ACT IV.

## Scene I. A Street in Westminster.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

First Gent. You're well met once again.
Second Gent. So are you.

First Gent. You come to take your stand here, and behold

The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?

Second Gent. 'T is all my business. At our last encounter

The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

First Gent. 'T is very true: but that time offer'd sorrow:

This, general joy.

Second Gent. 'T is well: the citizens,
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds,
As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward,
In celebration of this day with shows,
Pageants, and sights of honour.

First Gent. Never greater;

Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

Second Gent. May I be bold to ask what that contains,

That paper in your hand?

First Gent. Yes; 't is the list
Of those that claim their offices this day
By custom of the coronation.
The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high-steward; next, the Duke of Norfolk,
He to be earl marshal: you may read the rest.

Second Gent. I thank you, sire had I not known those customs,

Ishould have been beholding to your paper. But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine, The princess dowager? how goes her business?

First Gent. That I can tell you too. The arch-

bishop

Of Canterbury, accompanied with other Learned and reverend fathers of his order, Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to which She was often cited by them, but appear'd not: And, to be short, for not appearance and The king's late scruple, by the main assent Of all these learned men she was divorced, And the late marriage made of none effect: Since which she was removed to Kimbolton, Where she remains now sick.

The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.

[Hautboys.]

# THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION.

1. A lively flourish of trumpets.

2. Then two Judges.

3. Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.

4. Choristers, singing. [Music.

5. Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then, Garter in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.

6. Marquess Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold; on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him,

the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.

1. Duke of Suffock, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as highsteward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.

8. A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the QUEEN in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.

9. The old Dixhess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrough with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.

10. Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.

They pass over the stage in order and state.

Second Gent. A royal train, believe me. These I know:

Who's that that bears the sceptre?

Marquess Dorset: First Gent.

And that the Earl of Surrey with the rod.

Second Gent. A bold brave gentleman. That should be

The Duke of Suffolk?

First Gent. T' is the same; high-steward. Second Gent. And that my Lord of Norfolk? Yes. First Gent.

Second Gent. Heaven bless thee ! [Looking on the QUEEN.

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on. Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel:

Our king has all the Indies in his arms,

And more and richer, when he strains that lady:

Lecannot blame his conscience.

They that bear First Gent.

The cloth of honour over her, are four barons

Of the Cinque-ports.

Second Gent. Those men are happy; and so are all are near her.

I take it, she that carries up the train

Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk.

First Gent. It is; and all the rest are countesses.

Second Gent. Their coronets say so. These are stars indeed:

And sometimes falling ones.

No more of that. First Gent.

> [Exit Procession, and then a great flourishof trumpets.

#### Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir! Where have you been broiling? Third Gent. Among the crowd i' the Abbey; where a finger

Could not be wedged in more: I am stifled

With the mere rankness of their joy.

Second Gent. You saw

The ceremony?

Third Gent. That I did.

First Gent. How was it?

Third Gent. Well worth the seeing.

Second Gent. Good sir, speak it to us.

Third Gent. As well as I am able. The rich stream

Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen

To a prepared place in the choir, fell off A distance from her; while her grace sat down To rest awhile, some half-an-hour or so, In a rich chair of state, opposing freely The beauty of her person to the people. Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman That ever lay by man: which when the people Had the full view of, such a noise arose As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest, A loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks, Doublets, I think, flew up; and had their faces Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy I never saw before. Great-bellied women, That had not hat a week to go, like rams In the old time of war, would shake the press, And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living Could say 'This is my wife' there; all were woven

So strangely in one piece.

But what follow'd? Second Gent. Third Gent. At length her grace rose, and with modest paces

Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and saintlike

Cast her fair eyes to heaven and pray'd devoutly. Then rose again and bow'd her to the people: When by the archbishop of Canterbury She had all the royal makings of a queen; As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown, The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,\* With all the choicest music of the kingdom, Together sung Te Deum. So she parted,

And with the same full state paced back again To York-place, where the feast is held. First Gent. Sir. You must no more call it York-place, that's past; For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost: 'T is now the king's, and call'd Whitehall. Third Gent. I know it: But 't is so lately alter'd that the old name Is fresh about me. Second Gent. What two reverend bishops Were those that went on each side of the queen? Third Gent. Stokesly and Gardiner; the one, of Winchester. Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary: The other, London. He of Winchester Second Gent. Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's, The virtuous Cranmer. Third Gent. All the land knows that: However, yet there's no great breach; when it comes, Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him. Second Gent. Who may that be, I pray you? Thomas Cromwell: Third Gent. A man in much esteem with the king, and truly worthy friend. The king Has made him master o' the jewel house, And one, already, of the privy council. Second Gent. He will deserve more. Yes, without all doubt. Third Gent. \*Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests:

\$

Something I can command. As I walk thither, I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, sir.

[Excunt.

#### Scene II. Kimbolton.

Enter KATHARINE, DOWAGER, sick; led between GRIFFITH, her Gentleman Usher, and PATIENCE, her woman.

Grif. How does your grace?

My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth, Willing to leave their burden. Reach a chair: So; now, methinks, I feel a little ease. Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou ledd'st me, That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey, Was dead?

Grif. Yes, madam; but I think your grace, Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Kath. Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he died: If well, he stepp'd before me, happily

For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout Earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward.
As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas! poor man.

Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester;

Lodged in the abbey, where the reverend abbot,

With all his covent, honourably received him:
To whom he gave these words: 'O! father abbot;
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity.'
So went to bed, where eagerly his sickness
Pursued him still; and three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, which he himself
Foretold should be his last, full of repentance.
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest; his fau is lie gently on him!

Yet thus far, Griffith, give medeave to speak him, And yet with charity. He was a man Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion Tied all the kingdom; simony was fair-play; His own opinion was his law; i' the presence He would say untruths, and be ever double Both in his words and meaning. He was never, But where he meant to ruin, pitiful; His promises were, as he then was, mighty; But his performance, as he is now, nothing: Of his own body he was ill, and gave The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith;

I were malicious else.

This cardinal, Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle. He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one; Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading: Lofty and sour to them that loved him not: But to those men that sought him sweet as summer. And though he were unsatisfied in getting, Which was a sin, yet in bestowing, madam, He was most princely. Ever witness for him Those twins of learning, that he raised in you, Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him, Unwilling to detlive the good that did it; The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous, So excellent in art, and still so rising, That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue. His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him; For then, and not till then, he felt himself, And found the blessedness of being little: And, to add greater honours to his age Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald, No other speaker of my living actions, To keep mine honour from corruption, But such an honest chronicler as Griffith. Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me, With thy religious truth and modesty, Now in his ashes honour. Peace be with him! Patience, be near me still; and set me lower: I have not long to trouble thec. Good Griffith, Cause the musicians play me that sad note I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating On that celestial harmony I go to.

[Šad and solemn music.

Grif. She is asleep: good wench, let's sit down quiet,

For fear we wake her: softly, gentle Patience.

The Vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six Personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays or palm in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which the other four make reverent curties: then the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next Avo, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which, as it were by • inspiration, she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye I are ye all gone,

And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye? Grif. Madam, we are here.

It is not you I call for: Kath.

Saw ye none enter since I slept?

None, madam.

Kath. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop

Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?

They promised me eternal happiness, And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall, assuredly. Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams Possess your fancy. Bid the music leave. Kath.They are harsh and heavy to me. Music ceases. Pat. Do you note How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden? How long her face is drawn? how pale she looks,

And of an earthy cold? Mark her eyes! Grif. She is going, wench. Pray, pray. Heaven comfort her Pat.

# Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your grace,—

You are a saucy fellow: Kath.

Deserve we no more reverence?

You are to blame, Grif. Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness, To use so rude behaviour: go to; kneel.

Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness'

pardon:

My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: but this fellow

Let me ne'er see again.

[Excunt Griffith and Messenger.

#### Re-enter Griffith, with Capucius.

If my sight fail not, You should be lord ambassador from the emperor.

My royal nephew, and your name Capucius. Cap. Madam, the same; your servant. Kath. O, my lord, The times and titles now are after'd strangely With me since first you knew me. But, I pray you, What is your pleasure with me? Cap. Noble lady, First, mine own service to your grace; the next, The king's request that I would visit you; Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me Sends you his princely commendations, And heartily entreats you take good comfort. Kath. O! my good lord, that comfort comes too late: 'T is like a pardon after execution: That gentle physic, given in time, had cured me; But now I am past all comforts here but prayers. How does his highness? Cap. Madam, in good health. Kath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish. When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name Banish'd the kingdom. Patience, is that letter I caused you write yet sent away? Pat. No, madam. Giving it to KATHARINE. Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver This to my lord the king. Most willing, madam. Cap. Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness

The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter:
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding,—

She is young, and of a noble modest nature, I kope she will deserve well,—and a little To love her for her mother's sake, that loved him, Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition Is, that his noble grace would have some pity Upon my wretched women, that so long Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully: Of which there is not one, I dare avow, And now I should not lie, but will deserve, For virtue, and true beauty of the soul, For honesty, and decent carriage, A right good kusband, let him be a noble; And, sure, those men are happy that shall have 'em. The last is, for my men: they are the poorest, But poverty could never draw 'em from me; That they may have their wages duly paid 'em, And something over to remember me by: If heaven had pleased to have given me longer life And able means, we had not parted thus. These are the whole contents: and, good my lord, By that you love the dearest in this world, As you wish Christian peace to souls departed, Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king To do me this last right.

By heaven, I will, Cap.

Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me. In all humility unto his highness: Say his long trouble now is passing Out of this world; tell him, in death I bless'd him, For so I will. Mine eyes grow dim. Farewell, My lord. Griffith, farewell. Nay, Patience, You must not leave me yet: I must to bed;

Call in more women. When I am dead, good wench,

Let me be used with honous: strew me over With maiden flowers, that all the world may know I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalin me, Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like-A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me. I can no more.

[Exeunt, leading KATHARINE.

#### ACT V.

Scene I. London. A Gallery in the Palace.

Enter GARDINER, Bishop of WINCHESTER, a Page with a torch before him, met by Sir Thomas LOVELL.

Gar. It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?

Boy. It hath struck.

Gar. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times. Good hour of night, Sir
Thomas!

Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord? Gar. I did, Sir Thomas; and left him at primero With the Duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too,

Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gar. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What's the matter?

It seems you are in haste: an if there be

No great offence belongs to 't, give your friend Some touch of your late business: affairs, that walk

As they say spirits do, at midnight, have In them a wilder nature than the business That seeks dispatch by day.

My lord, I love you. Lov. And durst commend a secret to your ear Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labour,

They say, in great extremity; and fear'd She'll with the labour end.

The fruit she goes with Gar. I pray for heartily, that it may find Good time, and live but for the stock, Sir Thomas, I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks I could Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does Deserve our better wishes.

Gar. But, sir, sir, Hear me, Sir Thomas: you're a gentleman Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious; And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well, "T will not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take 't of me, Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she, Sleep in their graves.

Now, sir, you speak of two Lov. The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell.

Beside that of the jewel house, is made master O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, sir, Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,

With which the time will load Im. The archbishop

Is the king's hand and tongue; and who dare speak

One syllable against him?

Yes, yes, Sir Thomas, Gar. There are that dare; and I myself have ventured To speak my mind of him: and indeed this day. Sir, I may tell it you, I think I have Insensed the lords o' the council that he is, For so I know he is, they know he is, A most arch heretic, a pestilence That does infect the land: with which they moved Have broken with the king; whe'hath so far Given ear to our complaint, of his great grace And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs Our reasons laid before him, hath commanded To-morrow morning to the council-board He be convented. He's a rank weed, Sir Thomas, And we must root him out. From your affairs I hinder you too long; good night, Sir Thomas! Lov. Many good nights, my lord. I rest your Execut GARDINER and Page. servant.

#### Enter the KING and SUFFOLK.

K. Hen. Charles, I will play no more to-night; My mind's not on 't; you are too hard for me. Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

K. Hen. But little, Charles;

Nor shall not when my fancy's on my play. Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her What you commanded me, but by her woman I sent your message; who return'd her thanks

In the greatest humbleness, and desired your highness

Most heartily to pray for her.

What say'st thou, ha f K. Hen.

To pray for her? what! is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman; and that her sufferance made

Almost each pang a death.

K. Hen. Alas! good lady. Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and

With gentle travail, to the gladding of

Your highness with an heir!

'T is midnight, Charles; K. Hen. Prithee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone; For I must think of that which company Would not be friendly to.

I wish your highness Suf.

A quiet night; and my good mistress will Remember in my prayers.

K. Hen.

Charles, good night. Exit Suffolk.

#### Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Well, sir, what follows?

Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop, As you commanded me.

Ha! Canterbury? K. Hen.

Den. Ay, my good lord.

'T is true: where is he, Denny ? K. Hen.

Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. Bring him to us. Exit DENNY. Lov. [Aside.] This is about that which the bishop spake:

Lam happily come hither.

Re-enter DENNY, with CRANMER.

K. Hen.

Avoid the gallery.
[LOVELL seems to stay.

Ha! I have said. Be gone.

What! [Exeunt LOVELL and DENNY. Cran. I am fearful. Wherefore frowns he thus? 'T is his aspect of terror: all's not well.

K. Hen. How now, my lord! You do desire to

know

Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. [Kneeling.] It is my duty

To attend your highness' pleasure.

My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.

Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you; come, come, give me

your hand.
Ah! my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,

And am right sorry to repeat what follows.

I have, and most unwillingly, of late

Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,

Grievous complaints of you; which, being con-

sider'd,

Have moved us and our council, that you shall This morning come before us; where, I know, You cannot with such freedom purge yourself, But that, till further trial in those charges Which will require your answer, you must take Your patience to you, and be well contented To make your house our Tower: you a brother of us.

It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness Would come against you.

Cran. [Kneeling.] I humbly thank your high-

And am right glad to catch this good occasion Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff And corn shall fly asunder; for I know There's none stands under more calumnicus tongues

Than I myself, poor man.

Stand up, good Canterbury: K. Hen. Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted In us, thy friend: give me thy hand, stand up: Prithee, let's walk. Now, by my holidame, What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd You would have given me your petition, that I should have ta'en some pains to bring together Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you,

Without indurance, further.

Most dread liege, Cran. The good I stand on is my truth and honesty: If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies, Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not, Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing What can be said against me.

K. Hen. Know you not How your state stands i' the world, with the whole world?

Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices

Must bear the same proportion; and not ever The justice and the truth o' the question carries The due o' the verdict with it. At what ease Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt To swear against you? such things have been done. You are potently opposed, and with a malice Of as great size. Ween you of better luck, I mean in perjured witness, than your master, Whose minister you are, whiles here he lived Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to; You take a precipice for no leap of danger, And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God and your majesty

Protect mine innocence! or I fall into

The trap is laid for me.

K. Hen.

Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them. If they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them. Look! the good man
weep!;

He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother I I swear he is true-hearted; and a soul None better in my kingdom. Get you gone, And do as I have bid you.

[Exit Cranmer.]

He has strangled

His language in his tears.

# Enter an old Lady.

Gent. [Within.] Come back: what mean you? Old Lady. I'll notecome back; the tidings that I bring

Will make my boldness manners. Now, good angels

Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person

Under their blessed wings!

Now, by thy looks K. Hen. Fguess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd? 💥 Say, ay; and of a boy.

Ay, ay, my liege; Old Lady. And of a lovely boy: the God of heaven Both now and ever bless her! 't is a girl, Promises boys hereafter Sir, your queen Desires your visitation, and to be Acquainted with this stranger: 't is as like you ... As cherry is to cherry.

K. Hen. Lovell!

#### Re-cnter LOVELL.

Sir ! Lov.

K. Hen. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the queen. [Exit.

Old Lady. An hundred marks! By this light, I'll ha' more.

An ordinary groom is for such paymen<sup>5</sup>: I will have more, or scold it out of him. Said I for this the girl was like to him? I will have more, or else unsay't; and now, While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue.

Scene II., The Lobby before the Council Chamber.
Pursuivants, Pages, &c., attending.

## Enter CRAMMER.

Cran. I hope I am not too late; and yet the gentleman

That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me To make great haste. All fast? what means this? Ho!

Who waits there?

Enter Keeper.

Sure, you know m.

Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.
Cran. Why?

### Enter Doctor Butts.

Keep. Your grace must wait till you be call'd for. So.

Butts. [Aside.] This is a piece of malice. I am glad

I came this way so happily: the king

Shall understand it presently. [Exit.

Cren. [Aside.] Tis Butts,
The king's physician. As he pass'd along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me.

Pray heaven he sound not my disgrace! For certain,
This is of purpose laid by some that hete me

This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,

God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice, To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me

Wait else at door, a fellow-counsellor,

Mong boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures

Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the KING and Butts at a window above.

Butts. I'll show your grace the strangest sight,— K. Hen. What's that, Butts? Butts. I think your highness saw this many a dav.

K. Hen. Body o' me, where is it?

There, my lord: The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury; Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,

Pages, and footboys.

K. Hen. Ha! 't is he, indeed. Is this the honour they do one another? 'T is well there 's one above 'em yet. I had thought They had parted so much honesty among 'em, At least good manners, as not thus to suffer A man of his place, and so near our favour, To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures, And at the door too, like a post with packets. By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery: Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close; [Figunt. We shall hear more anon.

## Scene III. The Council-Chamb'r.

Enter the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of SUFFOLK. the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Surrey, the Lord Chamberlain, GARDINER, and CROM-The Chancellor places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop

of CANTERBURY. The rest seal themselves in officer on each side. CROMWELL at the lower and, as secretary. Keeper at the door.

Chan. Speak to the business, Master secretary:

Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your honours,

The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

Keep. Without, my noble lords?

Gar. Yes.

Keep. My lord archbishop;

And has done half-an-hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

• Keep. Your

Your grace may enter now.

CRANMER enters, and approaches the council-table.

Chan. My good lord archbishop, I'm very sorry To sit here at this present and behold That chair stand empty: but we all are men, In our own natures frail, and capable Of our flesh; few are angels: out of which frailty And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us, Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little, Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,

For so we are inform'd, with new opinions, Divers and dangerous; which are heresies, And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious. Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too, My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle. But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and

spur 'em,

Till they obey the manage. If we suffer, Out of our easiness and childish pity To one man's honour, this contagious sickness, Farewell all physic: and what follows then? Commotions, uproars, with a general taint Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbours, The upper Crmany, can dearly witness,

Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress Both of my life and office, I have labour'd, And with no little study, that my teaching And the strong course of my authority Might go one way, and safely; and the end Was ever to do well: nor is there living, I speak it with a single heart, my lords, A man that more detests, more stirs against, Both in his private conscience and his place, Defacers of a public peace, than I do. Pray heaven the king may never find a heart With less allegiance in it! Men that make Envy and crooked malice nourishment Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships That in this case of justice, my accusers, Be what they will, may stand forth face to face, And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord, That cannot be: you are a counsellor, And by that virtue no man dare accuse you.

Gar y lord, because we have business of more oment.

We will be short with your 'Tis his highness' pleasure,

And our consent, for better trial of you, From hence you be committed to the Tower; Where, being but a private man again, You shall know many dare accuse you boldly, More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah! my good lord of Winchester, I thank

you;

You are always my good friend: A your will pass,

I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful. I see your end;
'T is my undoing: love and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition:
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary;
That's the plain truth: your painted gloss discoverse.

To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 't is a cruelty

To load a falling man.

Gar.

Good Master secretary,

I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst Of all this table, say so. Why, my lord? Crom. Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer Of this new sect? ye are not sound. Not sound? Crom. Gar. Not sound, I say. Would you were half so honest! Crom. Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears. Gar. I shall remember this bold language. Crom. Do. Remember your bold life too. This is too much: Chan. Forbear, for shame, my lords. I have done. Gar. And I. Crom. Chan. Then thus for you, my lord: it stands agreed. I take it, by all voices, that forthwith You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner; There to remain till the king's further pleasure Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, lords? All. We are. Is there no other way of mercy, • But I must needs to the Tower, my lords? What other Gar. Would you expect? you are strangely thoublesome. Let some o' the guard be ready there. Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?

Must I go like a traitor thither?

Gar. Receive him.

And sag him safe i' the Tower. Stay, goodemy lords; Oran. I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords: By virtue of that ring I take my cause Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it To a most noble judge, the king my master. Chan. This is the king's ring. Sur. l'is no counterfeit. Suf. "T is the right ring, by heaven! I told ye all, When we first put this dangerous stone a-rolling. 'T would fall upon ourselves. Do you think, my lords, Nor. The king will suffer but the little finger Of this man to be vex'd? Chan. "T is now too certain: How much more is his life in value with him? Would I were fairly out on 't! My mind gave me, Crom. In seeking tales and informations Against this man, whose honesty the devil And his disciples only envy at, Ye blew the fire that burns ye: now have at ye! Enter the KING, frowning on them; he takes his seat. Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince; Not only good and wise, but most religious: One that in all obedience makes the church The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen

His royal self in judgement comes to hear The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

That holy duty, out of dear respect,

K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden commendations.

Bishop of Winchester, but know, I come noted. To hear such flattery now, and in my presence; They are too thin and bare to hide offences. To me you cannot reach; you play the spaniel, And think with wagging of your tongue to win me; But, whatsoe'er thou takest me for, I'm sure Thou hast a cruel nature and a bloody.

[To CRANMER.] Good man, sit down. Now let

me see the proudest

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:

By all that's holy, he had better starve

Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

Sur. May it please your grace,—

K. Hen. No, sir, it does not please me. I had thought I had had men of some understanding

And wisdom of my council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man, few of you deserve that title,
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy
At chamber-door? and one as great as you are?
Why, what a shame was this! Did my comprission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Power as he was a counsellor to try him,
Not as a groom. There's some of ye, f. see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
Which ye shall never have while I live.
Chan.
Thus far,

My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purposed

Concerning his imprisonment, was rather, If there be faith in men, meant for his trial And fair purgation to the world, than malice, I'm sure, in me.

K. Hen. Well, well, my lords, respect him; Take him, and use him well; he's worthy of it. I will say thus much for him, if a prince

May be beholding to a subject, I

Am, for his love and service, so to him.

Make me no more ado, but all embrace him:

Be friends, for shame, my lords! My lord of Canterbury,

I have a suit which you must not deny me; That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism, You must be godfather, and Enswer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may

glory

In such an honour: how may I deserve it, That am a poor and humble subject to you?

K. Hen. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your

spoons. You shall have

Two noble partners with you; the old Duchess of Norfolk.

And Lady Marquess Dorset. will these please. you?

Once more my lord of Winchester, I charge you, Embrace and love this man.

With a true heart Gar.

And brother-love, I do it.

And let heaven Oran.

Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

K. Hen. Good man! those joyful tears show thy true heart:

5

The common voice, I see, is verified

Of thee, which says thus, 'Do my lord of Canterbury

A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.

Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a Christian.

As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;

So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.

[Execunt.

SCENE IV. The Palace Yard.

Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals. Do you take the court for Paris-garden? ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.

[Within.] Good Master porter, I belong to the

larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, ye rogue! Is this a place to roar in? Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones: these are but switches to em. I'll scratch your heads; you must be seeing christenings! Do you look for all and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient: 'tis as much im-

possible,

Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons, To scatter 'em, as 't is to make 'em sleep On May-day morning; which will never be. We may as well push against Paul's as stir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas! I know not; how gets the tide in?

As much as one sound cudger of four foot, You see the poor remainder, could distribute, Lemade no spare, sir.

You did nothing, sir. Port.

Man. I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand.

To mow 'em down before me; but if I spared any That had a head to hit, either young or old, He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again: And that I would not for a cow, God save her!

[Within.] Do you hear, Master Porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good Master puppy. Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my Christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand: here will be father, god-

father, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazien by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the deg-days now reign in's nose: all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance. That fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me: he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pinked porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combistion in the state. I missed the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried sat 'Clubs!' when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour, which were the hope o' the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the broomstaff to me; I defied 'em still; when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, lotse shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work. The devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the Limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of em in Limbo Patrum, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles, that

is to come.

### Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are heromore. They grow still too, from all parts they are coming, As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters, These lazy knaves? Ye have made a fine hand, fellows:

There's a trim rabble let in. Are all these
Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening.

Port.

An't please your honour,

[Exeunt.

We are but men; and what so many may do. Not being torn a-pieces, we have done:

As I live, Oham. If the king blame me for 't, I'll lay ye all By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads Clap round fines for neglect: ye're lazy knaves; And here ye lie baiting of bombards, when Ye should do service. Hark! the trumpets sound: They're come already from the christening. Go, break among the press, and find a way out To let the troop pass fairly, or I'll find A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two months. Port. Make way there for the princess. You great fellow. Man. Stand close up, or I'll make your head ache. Port. You i the camlet, get up o' the rail;

### Scene V. The Palace.

I'll pick you o'er the pales else.

Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, the Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, the Duke of Norfolk, with his mars bal's staff, the Duke of Suffolk, two Noblemen bearing great standing-bouls for the christening-gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of Norfolk, godmother, bearing the Childrichly habited in a mantle, &c., train borne by a Lady: then follows the Marchioness of Dorset, the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send

presperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of Figland, Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter the King and Train.

Cran. [Kneeling.] And to your royal grace, and the good queen,

My noble partners, and myself, thus pray: All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady, Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy, May hourly fall upon ye!

K. Hen. Thank you, good lord archbishop:

What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

K. Hen. Stand up, lord. The King kisses the Child.

With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee! Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

K. Hen. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal:

I thank ye heartily: so shall this lady

When she has so much English.

Cran.

Let me speak, sir,

For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter.

Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em fruth.

This royal infant, heaven still move about her!

Though in her cradle, yet now promises

Upon this land a thousand thousand bless ngs,

Which time shall bring to ripeness: she shall be,

But few now living can behold that goodness,

A pattern to all princes living with her,

And all that shall succeed: Saba was never

More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue

That mould up such a mighty piece as this is.

With all the virtues that attend the good,

Shall still be doubled on her; truth shall nurse her:

Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her; She shall be loved and fear'd; her own shall bless her;

Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn, And hang their heads with sorrow; good grows with her.

In her days every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.
God shall be truly known and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
Nor shall this peace sleep with her; but as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phænix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself,
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
When heaven shall call her from this cloud of
darkness.

Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour, Shall-star-like rise, as great in fame as she was, And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror.

That were the servants to this chosen infant, Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him: Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine, His honour and the greatness of his name Shall be, and make new nations; he shall flourish, And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches Totall the plains about him; our children's children

Shall see this and bless heaven.

Thou speakest wonders. K. Hen. Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England, An aged princess; many days shall see her, And yet no day without a deed to crown it. Would I had known no more! but she must die. She must, the saints must have her, yet a virgin! A most unspotted lily shall she pass To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

K. Hen. O lord archbishop! Thou hast made me now a man: never, before This happy child, did I get any thing. This oracle of comfort has so pleased me. That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire To see what this child does, and praise my Maker. I thank ye all. To you, my good lord mayor, And your good brethren, I am much beholding; I have received much honour by your presence, And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords:

Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye; She will be sick else. This day, no man think Has business at his house; for all shall stay: This little one shall make it holiday. T Exeunt.

### EPILOGUE.

'T is ten to one this play can never please

All that are here: some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two; but those the fear,
We have frighted with our trumpets; so 't is clear
They'll say 't is naught: others, to hear the city
Abused extremely, and to cry 'That's witty!'
Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,
All the expected good we're like to hear
For this play, at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women;
For such a one we show'd 'em: if they smile,
And say 't will do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours; for 't is ill hap
If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap.